EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. I. — No. 18. BOSTON, MAY 9, 1886. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

THE TRUE HELPERS.

BY REV. C. R. ELIOT.

THIS is the name of a Temperance Society in one of our Sunday-schools, and the engraving given on this page is copied from the Card of Membership which the Society uses. The Sunday-school referred to is that of the First Church, Dorchester (Boston), and you may be interested to know that this church is the oldest in Boston, and the third oldest in New England.

But I was going to tell you about the Temperance Society there, whose name is "The True Helpers." The mottoes you can read in the engraving, "On Honor," and "For Their Sake."

First, let me tell you where the name and mottoes came from, for they were borrowed. They were borrowed from another of our own Sunday-schools, however, a long way from Dorchester, in St. Paul, Minnesota, where, a few years ago, Rev. W. C. Gannett was the minister. That Sunday-school has a Temperance Society, started when Mr. Gannett was there, and it is their name and mottoes which we in Dorchester borrowed. The Membership Card with its picture is our own, but we like it best because of what the name and mottoes tell.

I learned lately where the St. Paul Society got its name. It came from an old lady there, "dear old mother De Graw," so Mr. Gannett says, who was herself one of the first "Helpers" in the work. If her "Golden Wedding Day" comes next year, as it will if she lives, I think we in Dorchester must remember it.

Well, "True" means that we will be true to the promise we make when we join; and "Helpers" means that we will do what we can to help those who are tempted, and "who find it hard to walk in the path of Temperance." "On Honor," which you see on the boys' banner, means resolution, fidelity, and moral courage; while "For Their Sake," on the girls' banner, means self-denial, helpfulness, love, — what Jesus came to teach. If we could change the banners about, so that sometimes the boys could have one, sometimes the other, we would do it; because, really, both mottoes belong to boys and girls alike. Who would give very much for a girl without resolution and moral courage, or who would give much for a boy without a loving heart?

Our Society, then, tries to show one way in which boys and girls may help the world to become better and happier. For we know how very unhappy and how bad many people are, just because they have forgotten what the proper use of alcohol is, and have made the mistake of thinking it good to drink. I say alcohol, because that

is what does the harm; that is what makes beer and wine and cider and other stronger liquors dangerous; that is what makes them intoxicating. It is alcohol, and it is always present as soon as fermentation begins, as soon as there is any "sparkle" to the cider; and alcohol is always the same, although not always present in the same quantity. We know that it is a poison, that is, that, except when taken for medicine, it does the body harm. We know that its proper use is to burn in lamps, to preserve fishes and toads in the museums, to make varnishes with, etc. We know that it was never intended as a drink; and that when it is so used it leads to terrible results.

You must know already what some of these results are. You have seen some poor, miserably dressed man reeling along the street, and you knew what the matter was. Poor man, he is to be pitied, not laughed at; and he is not to be blamed so much as people sometimes think; for the love of alcohol has taken such a hold of him that he has no power left to resist the temptation. He is to be pitied, and if possible helped; for does n't it mean dreadful suffering and poverty and sickness, and often crime? Such a sight, which I trust you may not often see, tells what terrible work alcohol does. But even when it has not done all that, it has been doing harm. It has been making people cross and ugly-tempered; it has been undermining their sense of right and taking away their love of God; it has been wasting their money; it has been injuring their health or weakening their bodies, so that when they are taken sick, or meet with an accident, they have fewer chances of getting well. No one who wishes to train himself for athletic sports can do it well if he drinks alcohol; and the best railroads will not employ a man who drinks to tend a switch or drive an engine.

Our Society, therefore, knowing all this, starts out with this promise: "I will not drink any wine, beer, cider, or other alcoholic drinks, except as medicine, as long as I retain this Card of Membership." We know that it is n't simply for our own sakes that we do this. Even if we were sure of ourselves, which we never can be, we would join, because of all the harm which comes to other people from the habit of drinking. We gladly join the army of those who stand ready to labor, and if need be to fight, for the cause of true manhood and womanhood, of which one of the worst enemies is intoxicating drink. We think we can do something, even as children, and we trample that foe under our feet from the beginning.

Some of us wish that every Unitarian Sunday-school might start a branch of the "True Helpers," to work as ours is working, to hold their regular meetings, to study together the "Temperance Teachings of Science," to stand for the principle of Total Abstinence, "on honor" and "for their sake." We believe that every Sunday-school would be stronger for some such undertaking, not simply in Temperance principles, but in those higher principles of "bearing one another's burdens," self-control, self-forgetfulness, and the two great commandments.

We therefore urge the matter upon our Sunday-schools, and we offer to furnish "Parents' Consent Papers" (we require the written consent of parents before allowing any child to join), and "Cards of Membership" at cost, of which specimens may be found at the Sunday-School Society's Rooms, or obtained by addressing Rev. C. R. ELIOT, Dorchester, Mass.

THE SWALLOW AND THE SPRING.

Translated for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY from the German of Spielhagen.

BY LUCY WHEELOCK.

SWALLOWS are wise creatures, as every one knows. They are not like other birds which live and die in the place where they are hatched; but the swallows look about the world to see what is going on in other places. The old swallows send the young ones away from home into distant lands that they may learn how to build and do many other things, and return much-travelled, clever people.

They have to make the journey so often that they understand the way perfectly; and so they go and come; and people call it "migrating," and think that the birds do it because it is so cold in the north; but those who understand it know better.

There once lived a young swallow who could not wait for the time when she could go into the beautiful far country; but the old ones were not willing yet, because she was too young, and her wings, they said, must grow stronger. So she had to wait; but she practised flying every evening, around the old church-tower where the old swallows lived, and where others came and told about their travels; for that is what the swallows are doing when they fly about twittering in the evening. At last, the next year, the young swallow was allowed to go. The old ones gave her many admonitions for her journey over the sea; but she hardly heard them, she was longing so for the blue distance.

With a light motion she flew away, — far over mountain and valley, over city and country, over meadows and fields and woods. How astonished she was, as she saw the great world! She had never dreamed of its glory when she lived in the old wall under the little ivy-covered window which the setting sun always gilded so beautifully. Many days passed merrily. One evening, — as the sun sank below the horizon and its last rays kissed the mountain-tops in parting, and the swallow, high in the air, looked about to see where she should spend the night, — she saw below her a little valley between the hills, so witchingly lovely that she quickly lowered her flight and alighted in the little vale. There she sat on a tree-top and looked about with her wise eyes, and every moment it seemed more lovely and beautiful. Steep moss-covered cliffs enclosed it, so that the foot of disturbing man could not intrude in this sheltered spot. Between the cliffs grew stately old trees which moved their heads quietly in the evening wind, and whispered to each other earnestly and mysteriously; but the loveliest and most beautiful thing was a clear little spring which lay right in the heart of the valley.

The swallow noticed that the spring was the darling of the whole valley, for the winds came and played over it, and kissed it when they flew away; the flowers which grew on the edge trembled with joy to be so near the pure thing, and the gnarly, weather-beaten trees even looked down kindly into its beautiful clear water, and whispered how beautiful it was. The swallow heard all this very well, for in nature everything speaks a language — whoever may understand it! And, as she sat and looked and listened, a finch flew down, who, seeing the swallow, came to her politely and began to pass the compliments of the day, for the finch is a good-natured, cheerful fellow. He also grew confidential, and said the swallow must certainly have come to see the dear little spring, and drink its pure water, and he was full of praise of its good qualities. He confided to her further that he had a dear friend, a hoopoe, who was a skilled architect, and another friend, a lark, who lived near by in the meadow with her relative, the quail; and in the evening they usually came together and rejoiced in the spring. Hardly had the finch finished when the lark flew over from the meadow, — a very friendly, dear creature, — and soon the hoopoe came too, who looked very serious and dignified.

Soon they were all very friendly with one another as if they had been acquainted for a long time; for the simple children of nature are not like cold, hard men, who must know each other for years before they trust one another.

No, the lark, the finch, and the hoopoe said at once that they liked the little wanderer, and the swallow liked them because they had so much to tell of the spring.

When night came, the lark said it was time to go to sleep, for they must be up betimes. They all wished to take the stranger home with them; but the sober hoopoe said the lark could not give her shelter, for she lived with the quail; and the finch would be a merry protector, but he lived uncomfortably; he, himself, however, had a beautiful house with two rooms in a hollow tree-trunk, and the stranger must come with him. This course was approved, and so they separated, promising to meet again at the spring. The lark flew off to the field, the finch to the thicket, and the hoopoe with the swallow to his comfortable dwelling, and there the swallow put her head under her wing, and dreamed of the beautiful, lovely spring.

The next morning, when the sun looked out over the mountains, and its first beams trembled through the forest, the hoopoe was still sound asleep; but the swallow was already awake, and when she had arranged all her feathers properly, she flew with light wings to the silver spring. It was still more beautiful than yesterday, so clear and pure that one could see to its bottom, and made rosy by the rising sun like the morning sky.

The swallow rejoiced so deeply that she twittered loudly for joy and with rapid wings darted over the smooth surface, so near that she wet her white breast and long feathers; and then she flew back and forth, now straight and now zigzag; and she would have plunged in, if she had not thought just at the right moment, of the little window in the church-tower which the evening sun gilded so beautifully. At evening the lark flew from the meadow, and the hoopoe and the finch from the thicket. They greeted the swallow joyfully, and the hoopoe said that he had sought for his guest everywhere, and was amazed that all the long day she had thought of nothing else but the spring. But the lark thought that if he had the time and did not have to build so much he would do it too. So they chattered contentedly, and the lark sang a song of praise to the little spring which delighted the finch and the hoopoe; but the swallow was sad because she could not sing too. She would have liked to praise the spring more highly. As night came on, they all flew to their nests.

The swallow remained in this place several days, and every day she flew to the spring and stayed there until evening, darting back and forth over the glassy surface, bathing her white breast and long feathers in the clear water. She hardly thought of the long journey she had still to make to distant Africa; but, at last, sad as it was, she must go, and when evening came she told the others. They were really sorry and begged her to stay, or at least to come again, — as if the swallow would not come again if they had not told her to do so! Early the next morning she flew away. The lark, the finch, and the hoopoe accompanied her a little distance; and where the way divides towards Africa, they separated. Then with a rapid flight, the swallow darted away, while the lark mounted high in the air to see her as long as possible, and trilled a song of farewell. The swallow went on, — over mountain and valley, over meadows and fields and woods, over rivers and lakes, and over a large, large sea, far away to distant Africa where the young swallows learn how to build. It is dreary and sad and sandy and hot there, and the swallow often thought of the dear spring and its fresh, clear water, and at night she sat on a pyramid with her little head under her wing and dreamed of the little spring.

Finally she could leave the hateful country and return to the loved spot, and she flew thither with a steady, never-erring flight, for the swallows are clever, faithful creatures and never forget a place where they have once been happy. She hardly rested on the way, and at last she came to the little valley. But how she was frightened when she saw what a change there had been! She hardly believed her eyes. The little spring had disappeared, and fragments of rock filled its bed. The flowers were faded. The old trees murmured drearily and sadly, and the whole place, formerly so friendly and smiling, was dreary and desolate.

As the swallow sat there mournfully, she heard the lark mourning in the field, and flew to her to ask where the spring was. And the lark said sadly, —

"Some time after you had gone, the great stream, whose roaring you can hear, wished for the little spring. He pictured to her how happy she would be with him if she would join herself to him. Then he would show her many cities past which he was flowing, and she should see the great sea and many other splendors, — and every thing he promised her, — the bad stream. One night there came a fearful storm which made the earth tremble so terribly, that the oldest crow cannot remember its like, and we were afraid in our nests. The next morning, when we came to drink at the spring as usual, it was gone. The side next the river was broken through, and in the distance the proud stream was murmuring as if he rejoiced that he had succeeded. The others think that the spring ran to the river of her own free will; but I believe the stream joined with the wind and rain and carried her away. The finch soon consoled himself for the loss, for he is a merry fellow; but the hoopoe has moved away from grief, and I would have followed him long since, if I did not live with the excellent quail."

So said the lark; but the swallow hardly noticed the last words. She was up and away to the stream to find the spring. When she did not find it there, she went to the sea, and then over the sea, and no one knows where she stopped. To the church-tower where the old swallows lived, and to the little ivy-wreathed window which the setting sun always gilded so beautifully, she never came again.

TRUST men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great.

THE BROKEN DOLL.

BY M. E. N. HATHAWAY.

For several weeks the Sunday-school teachers had been at work getting a box of clothing ready to send to the "Orphans' Home."

A number of new garments had been made by the "Aid Society," and a quantity of half-worn ones had been collected and repaired so as to be almost as good as new.

A few days before the time appointed for sending it, Miss Graham, the teacher of one of the youngest classes, said to the little girls under her charge, —

"Now, we want to fill one corner of our box with playthings, and I hope all of you have some that you would like to give us to put in. The children at the 'Home' have no friends to buy new toys for them, and they would be very glad to have the old ones that you have thrown aside. The girls would be delighted with the broken dolls that you don't care for."

"I'll send them some of *my* things." "And I will," "And I will," were the responses that went quickly around the class.

Then their teacher invited them to come to her house the next afternoon and bring whatever they wished to contribute. As soon as the school was over, a lively talk began about going to Miss Graham's to carry their things for the orphans.

"I have a doll with only one arm, that I don't want, and a lot of old toys besides, and I shall take them all," said Dora Ward, a sprightly miss of seven.

"Let 's each one give a doll," said Alice Buffum. "I have ever so many that I don't play with now."

"And so have I," said Fanny Harris. "And I 'll look them over and pick out the worst-looking one, and take that."

"Would n't Miss Graham want us to bring good ones?" asked little Mabel Brooks in an anxious tone.

"No, indeed," replied Fanny, quickly. "She said the poor children would be glad to have any of our broken things. She 'd know we would n't give our best dolls to anybody."

"One of mine got her feet jammed off under Uncle John's rocking-chair last week, and I'm going to take her," said Emma Hadley.

"Yes, that will be just right," replied Fanny.

"I mean to take everything I can spare," said Clara Barton; "I know I shall have a plenty more given to me."

So they chattered, bobbing their small heads together, and shaking their curls and ribbons like a flock of birds pluming their feathers. They all seemed at ease with regard to their intended gifts except Mabel, and her face continued to wear the look of anxiety it had taken on at the first mention of the subject. After parting from her mates, she took her father's hand and walked silently toward home, as if puzzling over a difficult problem. Her trouble was, that while she was very generously inclined to the orphans, and had several dolls, they were all in a perfectly sound condition, and, therefore, as she believed, not suitable to go into the box. She could see no way out of this perplexity but to break one of them and so make it acceptable, and the thought of such a serious undertaking chased away all her smiles and brightness.

Her mother was absent on a visit, and a grandmother was in her place as housekeeper. Mabel told her about what Miss Graham had asked her class to do, and Grandma Brooks said she thought it was an excellent plan. The next morning our young heroine rose fully decided what deed she must do; and Emma Hadley's allusion to Uncle John's rocking-chair reminded her how to do it. So, immediately after breakfast, she went to her play-room, selected one of her best dolls, and stole softly into her mother's chamber, feeling very much like a criminal. Then she placed one of the doll's arms under a heavy chair, and sat down in it with her eyes shut and her mouth firmly set. She rocked forward, and, in an instant, a loud grating sound told her that the arm was crushed. She snatched up the doll quickly, and wrapping it in her apron hurried back to her own room with a sinking heart. She was too much excited by the performance of this painful duty to think of playing, so she went out into the garden and looked at the flowers, and tried to forget what she had done.

When she came in again it was nearly time for dinner, and Grandma Brooks said, "I will go upstairs with you now, and look over your things and see what you wish to give away." Then she added, "I am going to make some calls this afternoon, and I can walk as far as Miss Graham's, and be company for you."

When they got to the play-room, Mabel said, "I'm going to carry this, for one thing," and she handed the broken doll to Grandma.

"She has a pretty face, but what a pity that her arm is crushed so. Poor dolly! how did it happen?" said Grandma, in a tone of sympathy.

"The other girls were going to carry broken ones, and I wanted to have mine like theirs," replied Mabel, in a faltering voice.

"Oh, Mabel, you did n't break it purposely, did you?" exclaimed Grandma.

"I did n't want to," said Mabel, and the tears she had been resolutely keeping back all the morning began to start, "but I thought I could n't carry any without it was a broken one."

"Whoever heard of such work?" said Grandma Brooks; and she sat down in a chair, while Mabel threw herself into her lap and sobbed aloud.

"Dear child, don't cry about it, and I 'll try to mend it again," said Grandma, comfortingly.

"Will Miss Graham like it as well if you do that?" asked Mabel, doubtfully.

"Certainly she will, and the poor children will be much better pleased with mended things, than they would be with broken ones," answered Grandma.

With this assurance, Mabel dried her eyes and began to make choice of some toys and picture-books for the box.

Grandma immediately took her needle and thread, and repaired the doll's arm so thoroughly that, when it was covered with a sleeve, nobody would have the least suspicion that it had once been badly broken

In the afternoon, Mabel went to Miss Graham's, and when she came home at night her first words were, "Oh, Grandma! I 'm so glad you fixed my doll, for some of them that the other girls brought were so bad that Miss Graham said she and her sister would have to mend them up before they were sent away."

Grandma Brooks laughed heartily, as she replied, "I knew well enough that was the way it would be."

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

Lowell.

History and Biography.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BY KATHARINE HAGAR.

In this country, where the presidential chair has been occupied by one who for years plied his needle in a tailor's shop, and the greatest man of the age was a rail-splitter in his youth, it will not seem strange that our hero was apprenticed in his childhood to a shoemaker, and afterwards to a cabinet-maker. He was not contented, but his next occupation proved more congenial; he went into a printer's office; from there, with his talent, courage, enthusiasm, and energy, the transition to editor of the "Liberator," (a newspaper whose mottoes were, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" and "I come to break the bonds of the oppressor"), was rapid. One of his earlier efforts was an article, in a newspaper published in Baltimore, against the master and owner of a ship which had been loaded at that city with a cargo of slaves for New Orleans. For this he was fined, and as he was too poor to pay the amount, — fifty dollars and costs, — he was sent to jail, where he stayed until a merchant from New York, Arthur Tappan, paid the fine for him. This imprisonment of forty-nine days did not dismay him: he devoted himself more earnestly than ever to the noblest purpose of his age, — the freedom of the slaves. White men as well as black are now grateful to him; as Wendell Phillips writes, "he freed master as well as slave." Now that the excitement about abolitionists and slave-holders is a thing of the past, it will hardly seem credible that this brave leader of the movement that put an end to slavery in the United States nearly sacrificed his life to his principles.

On the 21st of October, 1835, an immense number of men filled the streets near the room in Boston where the abolitionists were holding a meeting. They called for Garrison with furious cries of, "Out with him! Lynch him! Lynch him!" A friend tried to conceal him, but the rioters caught him, put a rope around his body, and attempted to drag him through the streets. He managed to free himself, was seized, however, by two or three of the strongest men, who forced him along bare-headed, the crowd striking and pulling at him till his clothing was nearly torn from his body. The mayor attempted to protect him; and although the conflict was desperate, the police succeeded in taking him to the mayor's room, where some necessary clothing was given him. The mayor declared that the only way to preserve his life was to put him in jail; so a hack was brought to the door to which he was conducted by the sheriff. The furious mob recognized Garrison, and made a desperate effort to get possession of him, but in a few moments he was locked securely in a cell. No wonder that he wrote on the walls of this strange place of refuge, that he was put there to save him from the violence of the mob who sought "to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that all men are created equal, and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God."

Contrast this with the account of a great public breakfast given at London in his honor in 1867, two years after the close of the civil war, where some of the noblest men of England vied with each other in their praises of his life-long devotion to his country. There John Bright said that "his is the creation of that opinion which has made slavery hateful, and which has made freedom possible in America."

Our Letter-Box.

"I WANT to tell you how heartily I am in sympathy with your efforts to make Unitarian children earnest, true, and religious. According to my limited observation, there is a more hearty faith and trust in God in our denomination than some years ago, and I rejoice to see it, for there can be no genuine growth without it."

Such words as these from an appreciative friend help the editor in his efforts to make his readers earnest and religious. He does not mean that this object shall be lost sight of even in the preparation of the Letter-Box. One teacher informs him that she makes lessons for her scholars of the Bible enigmas and that the little folks are very enthusiastic about them. "Such a delightful way to learn about Esther or Jonah! Just like playing a game!" Another teacher writes from New York: "I think these enigmas very instructive. I find my pupils get much interested;" and she sends with a new enigma, which is given below, the answers to three in No. 14. And just as we write this, the following note is received, which explains itself. All this gives the editor great encouragement and very much pleasure. Many thanks, dear friends!

A class of girls numbering seven, called "Seekers after Truth," of the Hopedale Sunday-school, find the answer to Charade No. 5, of No. 15, EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, to be "Ruth," and submit it to you.

HOPEDALE, March 28, 1886.

ENIGMA XVI.

I AM composed of twenty-three letters.

My 8, 21, 4, 13, — 6, 2, 17, 23, 16, — 11, 7, 17, 15, — 6, 11, 7, 13, Christ did at Cana.

My 8, 2, 16, 9, and 8, 21, 16, 17, 18, 2, were two people who loved Jesus.

My 8, 21, 7, 19, — 8, 21, 7, 20, 11, 5, 7, 20, Jesus said were in his Father's house.

My 21, 7, 7, 2, 20, was the high priest before whom Jesus was first tried.

My 11, 17, — 11, 20, — 14, 11, 7, 11, 20, 18, 23, 4, were Christ's last words.

My 22, 11, 1, 10, — 18, 11, 8, 20, 13, 1, 12, the Jews wondered if Jesus would do.

My 17, 18, 23, — 6, 21, 3, Jesus said he was.

My whole, Peter declared he would do for Jesus Christ.

Y.

ENIGMA XVII.

I AM composed of twenty-seven letters.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, is not hard.
My 4, 6, 12, 18, 16, 14, is one of your parents.
My 3, 6, 5, 8, is food for horses.
My 23, 25, 24, is to be dreaded.
My 26, 6, 2, 5, 10, is one of the senses.
My 14, 13, 7, is to go fast.
My 24, 3, 19, 11, is to imitate a lion.
My 8, 9, 16, 6, 11, is to disobey a Commandment.
My 1, 7, 5, is a small insect.
My 27, 3, 5, is not cold.
My 21, 15, 8, 20, 10, 11, is to reply.
My 9, 3, 11, 17, 27, is value.
My 12, 14, 22, you will have to do to guess this.
My whole is a proverb worth remembering.

A. M. S.

DIAMOND WORD PUZZLE No. 2.

My first is a letter.
My second is a fowl.
My third is a kind of puzzle.
My fourth is a small sweet cake.
My last is a letter.

WALDO S., 12 years old.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA XV. IN No. 16.

"Honor thy father and thy mother."

For Youngest Readers.

WHAT PUZZLED TEE WEE.

BY W. G. E., JR.

TEE WEE'S father kept a laundry, and if you should happen to look in through the large shop-window as you passed down the street, you might see Tee Wee playing on the floor, or sitting on the edge of the table watching his father sprinkle clothes with his mouth, and wondering if he would ever be big enough to do that; or else perhaps you would see him in a little chair, eating rice out of a pretty blue bowl.

Tee Wee was a good boy, and often when his father went out with a big basket to get the clothes, or to return them washed and ironed, he would take Tee Wee with him. There was one place that Tee Wee liked most of all to go to, for there was a little girl there named Jenny, who always said "How d'y' do" to him, and perhaps gave him a handful of currants off the bushes in the back yard.

One day Tee Wee did n't feel very well and could n't go out with his father. He was all the more sorry, because he had n't been out for a long time, and his father was going that day to Jenny's house. He was still playing in the front room of the laundry when his father came home.

He stood watching his father, as he took the things out one by one, and sorted them. He was n't thinking much about anything, except how sorry he was that he had to stay in the house, when all at once he saw at the bottom of the basket, among the few remaining things, one very little pink baby-stocking. He brightened up then, for he thought that Jenny must have a baby brother. He knew that this was what she had been wishing for, and he was glad to think how pleased she must be. Yet, when he thought of the stocking, he was very troubled, wondering why there was just one. 'Most every baby he 'd seen had two little legs.

At last the sad truth came to him, and it made him feel badly all the rest of the day. Jenny must have a little baby brother with only one leg!

At Jenny's house they always had the baby-clothes washed at home, because the Chinaman was apt to tear them, or pull them out of shape; but Jenny's mamma had a careless house-maid, who accidentally put the little pink stocking into the wash with the other things. She must have been very careless indeed, for the next week she made almost the same mistake, only this time it was a little blue stocking.

At the end of the week, when Tee Wee's father went with his basket to Jenny's house, Tee Wee went too, but did n't see Jenny that day because she had gone to a picnic. When he got home he stood again by the side of the basket while his father sorted the clothes, and this time he noticed the little blue stocking.

Now, this bothered Tee Wee more than ever. One pink stocking one week, and a blue one the next! Could it be possible that Jenny had two little brothers with one leg each? It must be so. That was the only way Tee Wee could make it out. If he had been a little brighter, he might have guessed some other way; but then you know he 'd never been to school, and besides he could speak hardly any English. Poor Tee Wee was puzzled indeed. He was so troubled and so restless that he could almost have bitten his own little pig-tail off! He could not help thinking all the time how awful it would be to live to be a man and only have one leg. He thought, though, that two people with one leg each, might get along pretty well, because they could hold on to each other real tight, and one could use the other's leg when they walked. But still he felt very sorry for Jenny because he knew she wanted somebody that she could play with.

When the day came around again for Tee Wee's father to go to Jenny's home, his father told Tee Wee he might go with him, for he had been a very good boy all the week. Tee Wee was in a great hurry. He thought his father walked very slowly, although he almost had to run to keep up with him. When they reached the place, Tee Wee waited as usual in the yard while his father took the basket of clothes up the back stairs. Jenny was at home this time, and as soon as she saw the basket coming up the stairs, she knew that Tee Wee was in the yard, and she ran to her mamma and said, "Mamma! Tee Wee 's here, — can I show it to him? I know he 'd like to see it!"

Her mamma said she might; so she ran down stairs and found Tee Wee. She shouted, "O Tee Wee! I've got something to show you — come quick!" meanwhile hurrying him into the kitchen, and up the stairs.

All this took Tee Wee by surprise, for he had expected to find Jenny rather solemn. She took him quietly into her mamma's room, and instead of two little babies with one leg each, what do you suppose he saw? Why, — one little baby with two legs! and with a pair of the very same pink stockings on that he had seen first.

I need n't tell you that Tee Wee was very much pleased, and it was a long while before anything bothered him as this had.

A MAN'S nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

"IF I got places, sir, it was because I made myself fit for 'em. If you want to slip into a round hole, you must make a ball of yourself, — that 's where it is."

Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling

In a thousand valleys far and wide
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

AN OSTRICH FARM.

BY M. E. P.

About eighteen or twenty miles from Sierra Madra Villa, which is a suburb of Los Angeles, California, is an ostrich farm which I had the good fortune to visit. The ride thither is across the plains, and one of the most common sights on the way is a tiny brown owl which perches itself just above the little round hole in the ground which is its home, its companions being oftentimes the prairie dog and the rattlesnake. Finally a small village is reached, the most prominent feature of it being the ostrich farm, covering perhaps an acre of ground, and surrounded by a very high board fence.

The keeper unlocked a gate for our admittance, first requesting us to be very quiet. Inside are two fences two and a half feet high, and about eight yards apart; but knowing how very ugly ostriches are, we were content to be no nearer.

The birds are eight feet tall, incredible as it seems, and weigh on an average three hundred pounds. Their necks are very long and velvety, having no feathers on them. Their feet are large and heavy enough to crush a man's foot, if he is so unfortunate as to have it stepped on. Their chief food is the alfalfa grass. The eggs sell for five dollars apiece, and are very large, as this fact shows: a gentleman told me of once being treated to one that it took half an hour to boil rare. They are said to be delicate and nice.

All the time we were there the birds strutted about showing their beautiful plumes, as much as to say, "Would you like one?" They are nervous, and keep up this constant flapping of their feathers. Some of the feathers are drab and brown, some almost wholly black, and occasionally when they spread their feathers one sees beautiful white plumes which are rare, and therefore more expensive. They are plucked every seven months, always by a doctor who thoroughly understands it, as there is danger of bleeding the birds to death if the feathers are plucked before they are ripe. The men never pluck from the birds while setting. We asked how they dared to go near them as the birds are so ugly, for they will kick and bite. "Well," the man said, "we have to entice the birds by strategy, one man standing in a corner outside the fence to torment the bird, while the doctor gathers the feathers; and frequently the ostrich is blindfolded."

The plumes sell for about five dollars each, and a San Francisco firm retails them dressed for fifteen dollars apiece.

In one part of the field in a separate enclosure were some birds just hatched, over which the male bird kept strict guard. When we approached he flew at us flapping his feathers and hissing as if he wanted very much to get at us. The keeper said the ostriches get so excited when any one goes near their young that in walking about in their anxiety they often step on the little birds and kill them; so he hurried us away. Two days of the week are set aside for visitors, though I believe the keepers do not like to admit them, as talking, or even the sight of strangers, gives the ostriches too much excitement.

Time wasted is existence, used is life.

Every misfortune to which we do not succumb is a benefactor.

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE AND SARAH GREEN.

STANZAS BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[We have been at some trouble to find the poem spoken of in the article on "The Little Mother," on page 131, in our last Number, as it is not published in any edition of the poet's works that we have seen. For that reason we are glad to give it here for the benefit of those whom the story interests. The event referred to happened in the winter of 1807–1808. The child taken by the Wordsworth family was one of the younger children, a daughter Sarah. It was by means of an account of the sad occurrence, written by Dorothy Wordsworth, that the attention of the royal family was drawn to the destitute orphans. All the children were well brought up, educated, and decently settled in life by the kind friends raised up for them in their need. Their parents were buried in the church-yard at Grasmere.]

Who weeps for strangers? Many wept
For George and Sarah Green;
Wept for that pair's unhappy fate,
Whose graves may here be seen.

By night, upon these stormy fells,
Did wife and husband roam;
Six little ones at home had left,
And could not find that home.

For *any* dwelling-place of man
As vainly did they seek.
He perished; and a voice was heard,—
The widow's lonely shriek.

Not many steps and she was left
A body without life —
A few short steps were the chain that bound
The husband to the wife.

Now do these sternly featured hills
Look gently on this grave;
And quiet now are the depths of air,
As a sea without a wave.

But deeper lies the heart of peace,
In quiet more profound;
The heart of quietness is here
Within this church-yard bound.

And from all agony of mind
It keeps them safe, and far
From fear and grief, and from all need
Of sun or guiding star.

O darkness of the grave! how deep,
After that living night,—
That last and dreary living one
Of sorrow and affright!

O sacred marriage-bed of death,
That keeps them side by side
In bond of peace, in bond of love,
That may not be untied!

THE CHERRY FESTIVAL.

A curious festival takes place in the city of Hamburg when the cherries are ripe. It is a festival for the little folk, who march in procession through the streets, waving cherry-laden branches. The Cherry Festival, as it is called, has been held for more than four hundred years, and it serves to put all the people in mind of a victory won by little children over an army of fierce men.

In the year 1432, Hamburg was besieged by a great army. The army of Hussites it was, and its leader is remembered in history as Procopius the Great. The war had been raging for many years, and on both sides it had become very bitter and cruel; and so the people of Hamburg were terribly afraid, for they could not hope to hold out against a great multitude of men who had been trained to war. A council of the chief citizens was held to consider what should be done; and at length some one suggested that they should send out the little children, hoping that when the soldiers saw them, the sight would melt their hearts, and they would spare the town.

Then all the children were gathered together from their homes, and they were put in order in the streets, and the city gate was opened, and they were told to march out and meet the army.

The soldiers lying outside, who had come to destroy the city and murder all who were in it, were surprised to see the gate swing open; and greater still was their amazement when they saw little children, all clad in pure white robes, come forth. As the little ones drew timidly up to their tents, the eyes of the rough soldiers began to fill with tears, and — as there were cherry-orchards all about — they threw down their arms and gathered beautiful branches of the cherry-trees, full of fruit, and sent back the children to their parents with answers of peace.

That is why the Hamburg children celebrate Cherry Festival every year. The people turn out to look at them, and think with grateful tears of the army of little ones who gained the sweet, bloodless battle, and saved the good old town from destruction four centuries ago. — *Selected.*

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY C. N.

Flowers are beautiful; every eye can see that: what is there in the world more beautiful? But are flowers of any use? Surely they must be, or He who makes nothing in vain would not have made them. And think a moment what flowers are. Go, search carefully into the apple-blossoms, and in every one of them you may find a little baby apple. And so it is with all the flowers; nestled down and sheltered in their soft and delicate beauty are the germs of the coming fruit, and of the seeds of the future plants. And so every one of the flowers which gem the earth, as the stars do the sky, is a cradle in which the children of the plant are rocked. And did ever child of prince, or of noble, or of fairy queen have cradle more beautiful? And even all the soft, warm, delicate beauty, with which loving hands delight to surround the cradle home of childhood, is a blossom out of the heart of nature.

This is the true lesson of the flowers and their divine use.

UNDER THE APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

BY CARO A. DUGAN.

All the orchard is white with blossoms,
The sweet May sunshine filters through;
And great white clouds go sailing over,
Against the lovely, distant blue.

Through the branches, heavy with sweetness,
Busily hum the golden bees;
Oh, the breath of delicious fragrance
That greets each happy, wand'ring breeze!

And down on the fresh-cut grass and clover,
Lying in long and wind-swept rows,
Like a sudden dream of far-off winter,
Shower the lovely blossom snows.

Hark! a ripple of cheery music!
That is the robin; and look, still higher,
In and out through the elm-tree branches,
Flashes the oriole's golden fire!

Life is here in its fulness and beauty, —
Life in sunshine and bird and flower:
Like a dream, indeed, seems the far-off winter,
In the perfect joy of this perfect hour.

Teachers' Department.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

MEETING OF APRIL 19, 1886.

THE subject for discussion at this meeting was, "The best Methods of Sunday-school Instruction."

Mr. James C. Beatley, Superintendent of the Sunday-school at Chelsea, opened the debate. He prefaced his remarks by saying that he did not stand there as a representative of the *best* method of Sunday-school instruction, but only of *one* method. As one concrete example was always better than many generalizations, he would put what he had to say in that form, and, treating the audience as if it were a school, he gave two lessons with the blackboard, — lessons which he had used in his own Sunday-school. They were, respectively, a Christmas, and an Easter exercise. He asked why those days were celebrated, and where; from what the words came; talked of the Passover, Pentecost, etc., using the blackboard to fix the facts in the minds of his hearers. After such an exercise in the school, it is his custom to erase what is on the board and question the scholars, taking care to find out that he has made the matter clear to them. His method was simple and to the point.

Mrs. C. H. Colburn, Superintendent of the Sunday-school at Hopedale, followed Mr. Beatley. She divided what she had to say into three heads: (1) School Organization; (2) Helps to Instruction; (3) Methods of Instruction. When, after having been away from the Sunday-school many years, she went back to it, she was surprised to find there the same old books and methods. That circumstance, together with the fact that she heard a young lady, who had been educated in a good Unitarian Sunday-school, say she did not remember anything she had learned there, led her to think earnestly of what could be done to heighten the interest and value of Sunday-school work.

Mrs. Colburn then gave to her hearers a plan she had in mind, which she felt would accomplish something, though she could not yet speak from experience. At Hopedale, they were going *to grade* their school. There were to be six grades: (1) Infant Class; (2) Bible Class; (3) New Testament Class; (4) Old Testament Class; (5) Life and Travels of St. Paul; (6) Class for the Study of Comparative Religions. In this last, the beauty and breadth of the Unitarian faith should be taught. The time spent in each grade should be determined by the teacher. It might be one or three years.

For Helps to Instruction, she found very few such as she wanted. Each teacher should have a library of her own for reference. She should use maps, pictures, and blackboards to help in the illustration of the lessons.

For the Methods of Instruction, it was difficult to lay down any rules, as one person often succeeds by the use of very different methods from those employed by another. Scholars from eight to ten years of age should learn from the Bible, and learn *connected* stories, not a verse here and there. The graded system would do away with one great difficulty in Sunday-school work, — that of getting good teachers, — as there need be but one teacher for each grade. The reason Sunday-schools have been so unsatisfactory is, that too little thought has been given them. She would particularly enforce teaching the beauty of our own faith. We need a broad and far-reaching vigilance.

The general discussion was then opened. Mr. W. H. Baldwin spoke first. He believed more in spiritual than intellectual teaching as the work of the Sunday-school. It was to *make character*. To exemplify this he read a list of lessons for one year which had been out for the use of the Sunday-school of the Church of the Disciples some years ago, by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke and himself. They were upon religion, prayer, use of Sunday, honesty, temperance, reverence, etc. We do not go to church to be taught, but to be impressed. So should the children in the Sunday-school receive impressions of religious truths. It should not be an intellectual training, but a spiritual one.

Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells did not agree with Mr. Baldwin. How was it possible to teach Reverence in one lesson? She did not approve of lessons laid down for each Sunday. Any plan for unity of action in a school cramps the teacher, who knows best what her scholars need. Her plea was for greater liberty for the teachers.

Mr. G. W. Warren rose to speak of how little the world knew of Jesus. He urged a more careful teaching of that life, and spoke of the unfailing source of light and strength which had come to him, from the committing to memory in his childhood of the greater part of the four Gospels.

Mr. C. H. Wilson thought that both Mr. Baldwin and Mrs. Wells were right. Organization should not mean limitation. He had tried the graded system, and believed in it. He favored a change of study, — not Christ all the time, but Paul sometimes, the growth of the Christian Church, the Unitarian belief, and so on. He would begin with memorizing. The children like to learn verses from the Bible, and they enjoy the Parables and the Bible stories. He would not begin with the life of Christ. Children must *grow* to that. As for not being *taught* in the Sunday-school, he thought that was what it was for, — to train the children so they should understand what they heard in the church. It should be a preparation for the church.

Mr. F. B. Snow agreed with Mrs. Wells that the teacher should be free to act according to his own discretion. Often he was given his topics for weeks by the questions of his scholars. What they were interested to know of spiritual truth, that he wanted time and opportunity to tell them, and he used in his class any and every means for making such things plain; object-teaching was often useful.

After this, the Rev. A. E. Winship, Editor of the "Journal of Education," who was a guest of the Union, was asked to speak. He gave his ideas in a clear and forcible manner. From the age of three to ten years, the scholars should be put to memorizing the Scriptures. They liked it then, and they could never again do it so easily. From eight to fourteen is the inquisitive age. Then pour in your facts, — all you can. After that, reason with your scholars, get their ideas, unfold the truths of religion to them, impress them. The important thing is to give the right training at the proper time, and the great aim is to make character.

W. H Mowry, Ph.D., Editor of "Education," also a guest, then spoke. As he had graduated from the work he was hardly one to advise them, but he would give them some account of his stewardship. He had begun as superintendent, — and had begun in the right place, too. With that he found no difficulty. Next he took a Bible class, where he was also successful. Then he tried a class of girls of from fourteen to seventeen years, and that proved a stumbling-block. All theories went to the winds. He gave it up to try the Primary Department, which he taught for six years with the greatest delight.

We have not done all we ought to do in the Sunday-school. Before the days of Sunday-school, children got excellent teaching in the home. Since that advent, the home teaching had been given up, but the schools had not well supplied it. Now, he hoped, we are to see a better time still, when there shall be good teaching in both home and school. He would accent the grandness, the fulness, the simplicity, and richness of the Bible, adapted, as it is, to all ages and people. He wished all who are engaged in Sunday-school work God-speed.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

Will the proposed changes in the constitution of the Sunday-School Society, do away with the autumnal meeting?

No. They preserve it, and require the holding of it to be outside Boston. They provide that the annual meeting shall be held in May, in Boston, thereby giving its constituency a better opportunity to exercise the inalienable right to vote and decide the conduct of affairs. Both changes are in the interest of the members and delegates.

What new books can you commend as aids to teachers?

Two recently published contain "for substance of doctrine" a great deal of help; these are "The Seven Laws of Teaching," by J. M. Gregory, LL.D., and "Methods and Principles of Bible Study and Sunday-School Teaching," by Rev. A. E. Winship, editor of the "Journal of Education." We also call the attention of thoughtful teachers to a pamphlet entitled "Outline Normal Lessons," by Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., which contains in its small compass very many sagacious and sound directions.

Do you think the Sunday-school suffers more to-day from the lack of the right sort of influence on the part of the teachers over their pupils, or from the want of sound principles and good methods in teaching?

It seems to us about evenly divided. The need of devoted and intelligent teachers is felt, and also, in our Unitarian schools, do we sorely want a better system and sounder notions of instruction. In the main our teachers try to do their duty, and the imperfect influence which we sometimes deplore is not always due to their negligence, but to the irresponsible and negative attitude of the parents, which has a demoralizing effect on the pupils. It is asking too much to expect an average teacher to conquer a mass of indifference and then proceed to do the best of work in teaching. More system, more books, better training of teachers in Normal Classes, will reform matters somewhat, but we repeat what we have earnestly stated in a previous issue; the rescue of the Sunday-school is in the hands of the parents. Ministers must influence that source.

Why is it that we cannot have some text-books for the younger pupils? Surely the need must be seen by the Sunday-School Society.

Yes, we see the crying demand, and strenuous efforts have been made to meet it. The criticism which falls on the Sunday-School Society for not issuing this class of books illustrates over again the truth, that until one knows the inside facts, judgment is apt to be hasty. The discouraging and plain fact is this, that only in exceptional cases, can we induce competent authors to prepare manuals for the younger pupils. At least that is the result so far, after five years of vigorous trial, supplication, and application, by a special Manual Committee. We do not give up, however. We propose to bend to the effort afresh. The Question-Box does now give loud and earnest proclamation, that any manuscripts of books for the younger pupils, will be gladly and thankfully received, will be carefully read, and, if worthy, printed. Here is an open door for some of our friends to go forward and remedy matters by a positive contribution to this class of educational literature.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

We have no means of knowing how long the office of superintendent has been held by any one of the many excellent supervisors of our Unitarian Sunday-schools. Perhaps some of those who have been long in office will give us information on this point. Among our Congregational neighbors long terms of service are not uncommon. In Danvers, Mass., Mr. Learoyd has been superintendent for twenty-one years, and Mr. Carter, of Quincy, has held the office for seventeen years.

It is no unusual thing for a flourishing church to attribute its success very largely to the growth and activities of its Sunday-school. One of the largest churches in Springfield, Mass., says of itself: "The foremost fact in the growth of this church is that it *has always been pushed by the Sunday-school.*" We have known not a few Unitarian churches of which the same thing might be said. It is certainly true, as a rule, that an active, energetic Sunday-school makes a successful and useful church.

A Letter from South Abington, Mass., written by an earnest worker, tells us of the growth of their Sunday-school. This school, starting in October, 1884, with fifty-two members, counts now one hundred and sixty-five. Our correspondent writes of Sunday-school concerts, festivals, and picnics, which go to show the earnest social life of the school. The collection raised the first year was $68.00.

"We have been helped, and we try to help others. . . . We had a present of the 'Dayspring' the first year, and now the school buys a copy of Every Other Sunday for each family. . . . We received also library and question books from the Unitarian Sunday-School Society and the Plymouth and Bay Conference. We would express our thanks for all the help we have received."

A very delightful entertainment was given on Wednesday evening, April 7, for the benefit of the Sunday-school of the Hollis Street Church, Boston, at the church-parlors, corner of Newbury and Exeter Streets. A little drama, "The Greatest Plague in Life," was acted by members of the school, with great credit to themselves. There were also amusing recitations, songs, music on violin, guitar, banjo, and piano. The entertainment was in every way a great success.

Under the earnest and intelligent lead of its new superintendent, Mr. S. Hyde, the Sunday-school of the May Memorial Church, Syracuse, N. Y., is rapidly increasing in numbers and interest. The Primary Department has been reorganized, and a new class formed of young men connected with the Society.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON-QUARTERLY.

Number Four of the Lesson-Quarterlies on the Teachings of Jesus has just been issued. It treats of the Duties we owe to God. The special topics of the ten lessons are: The Great Commandment, "Have Faith in God," The Parable of the Lily, Reverence, Thankfulness, Aspiration, Repentance, Public Worship, Private Prayer, Self-Consecration.

A NEW SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED INFANT-CLASS CARDS.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society has recently published "God in Nature," twelve illustrated Scripture cards, price, twenty cents. The quoted passages — printed on both sides of each card — are all taken from the Bible, and teach not only God's goodness as shown in creation, but also the religious lessons of Nature's beauty. The illustrations consist of copies reduced in size from photographs of excellent landscapes. They represent birds, trees, flowers, the ocean, snow, frost, the moonlight, seed-time, storm, wind, fruit, rain. We can commend this new series to all teachers of infant classes in our Sunday-schools, as well as to mothers who may wish to teach their young children the thoughts of God which Nature teaches, as interpreted in the Bible.

DONATIONS TO THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Frederick L. Ames	$25.00
Rev. F. Frothingham	10.00
Miss C. M. Haven	10.00
Chas. G. Wood	10.00
Edward E Rice	10.00
Life member, John Wilson	10.00
Life member, Wm. H. Preston	10.00
Channing Church, Newton	100.00
Concord, N. H.	20.00
Harrison Square Sunday-school	20.00
Neponset Society	10.00
Neponset Sunday-school	5.10
Springfield Sunday-school	30.00
Templeton, First Parish	15.83
Portland, Me., First Parish	38.00
Somerville	50.00
Germantown, Pa.	20.00
All Souls' Church, New York City	178.00
Arlington Street Church, Boston	150.00
Westminster Church, Providence	68.00
Louisville, Ky. Sunday-school	6.00
East Boston Sunday-school	25.00
Cambridge, First Parish	100.00
Two classes of girls in Hopedale Sunday-school	10.00
Jamaica Plain	134.85
Amount previously acknowledged	820.07
Total to April 10, 1886	$1,885.85

Special Note. — The Secretary desires to call attention to the generous and unasked donation of ten dollars from two classes of girls in the Hopedale Sunday-school. The money was raised by means of a sale, for which the girls themselves made or provided the articles. This example is worthy of general imitation. The Sunday-School Society needs a thousand dollars this year for its missionary work alone. A special contribution of ten dollars from the children in each school would give us, if a hundred schools would join in the good work, the money that we so greatly need.

Our Book Table.

Note. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 7 *Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

Class A.

Books for Youngest Pupils.

Riverside Literature Series. Numbers seven, eight, and nine. True Stories from New England History, 1620–1803. "Grandfather's Chair." Complete in three parts. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. pp. 79. Price, 45 cents.

It is not necessary to draw attention to the contents of this book, which long ago became a child's classic, but only to notice the extremely good type and binding which the publishers furnish at such a low price; and also to speak of the questions placed at the end of each part, which will help to fix in the mind the historical events related therein.

Class B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now. By Jane Andrews. With 20 original illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. pp. 240. Price, $1.00.

One hardly needs to say anything in praise of a book which bears Miss Andrews's name. This is no exception to her other stories, but has the same charming qualities of style and the same delightful way of giving information. The "Ten Boys" are introduced to the reader to show the gradual improvement and civilization of the great Aryan race. Both old and young will enjoy the book.

Class C.

Books for Teachers and Members of Adult Classes.

Mrs. Herndon's Income. A Novel. By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 534. Price, $1.50.

"Mrs. Herndon's Income" is an unusually strong book. With all the accepted requirements of a novel, it gives us something more. Its evident *raison d'être* is to offer some possible solution of the capital and labor question, which presses so heavily just now. It is not Mrs. Campbell's intention to favor either side. She shows most earnestly the real need — moral as well as practical — that both rich and poor have for each other. Her pen is equally ready in introducing us to the "Ultimate Club," where æsthetics are discussed, or in portraying the Socialists in their own homes. She pictures squalor and wretchedness such as one dreads to think of, and the wealth that shuts out all unselfishness; and while she does this in a clear and vivid manner, it is without the least taint of that unpleasant realism which is so much in order to-day. She does not take us into the gutter for the sake of showing how well she knows the place, but, with her purpose never forgotten, she reveals the needs of all classes, and shows how necessary is each person's help in the regeneration and salvation of the world. It is to be hoped the book will be widely read.

What God does with poor, weak creatures like us, when He lifts up our weaknesses, and replenishes our weariness; pouring oil and wine into our wounds, and a cordial into our lips, and sending us, with the joy of pardon, upon our road again, — that is a greater thing than when He rolls Neptune in its mighty orbit round the central sun, or upholds with unwearied arms, from cycle to cycle, the circle of the heavens with all its stars. "He giveth power to the faint" is His divinest work.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

Will be published once a fortnight during the Sunday-school year, from September to August, — twenty-three numbers to the yearly volume.

The uniform subscription price will be *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their school.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.